



Ravenet -



MAD-HOUSES!

83058

SKETCH

OF THE

SEDUCTION

AND

TREATMENT,

ll-Legal and non-Medical

OF

MISS STABBACK.

BY THOMAS LITTLE, Esq.

AUTHOR OF D'EGVILLE'S METHOD, WITH YOUNG
LADIES, AND OTHER POPULAR WORKS.

J. J. STOCKDALE.

CARLTON-COLONNADE

London.

Price One Shilling.

0.



ADVERTISEMENT.

"Tis sixty years since" (as the author of *Waverley* says, bating, however, one half of the term) I read Fielding's "*Amelia*." The scenery of that, not sufficiently appreciated living Romance, where it describes what the heroine underwent, in a private mad-house, produced an enthusiastic feeling, which, even to this hour, has scarcely abated, and certainly not subsided, in my mind.

On the impulse of the occasion, I applied to some magistrates, with whom, I was intimate, for the redress of such crying wrongs. Among others, I particularly recollect Nathaniel Bond, Esq. of the public office, Bow-street, James Pettit Andrews and Henry

James Pye, Esqrs. of that, in Queen-square, stipendiary justices, and Thomas Robinson, and John Hunter, Esquires county magistrates, of Middlesex. These gentlemen, one and all, quieted my chivalrous indignation, by their solemn assurance that arrangements, which precluded the possibility of such enormities, had been made, since Fielding's time, and they even offered to accompany me, to the various public and private receptacles of insanity, that I might be self-convinced of the facts.

This frankness completely assuaged the fever of my youthful heart, and, too sensitive of miseries, which I could neither remove, nor alleviate, I waived that ocular demonstration, which, I knew could not fail to impart pangs, which I might not, speedily be rid of.

I well remember Sir Francis Gordon a Scotch Baronet, of gentle and

amiable manners, who was seised, in the Coffee-room of Hatchett's hotel, imploring my Father's interference, in his behalf.

In Stockdale's Budget, p. 56, allusion is made, to a young woman, in whom the Duke of Buckingham and Marquess of Chandos are, deeply implicated—but these, and many more, must be deferred, to a future period. There is no lack of matter for HONEST REFORMERS.

I subjoin three unnoticed letters, to the worthy attorney and his more worthless and convenient medical associate, from whom, all may learn that my publisher is not to be neglected with impunity.—In my late work, respecting D'Egville, I promised some professional anecdotes. This shews that I am not disposed to break my promise.

THOMAS LITTLE.

22d October, 1831.

LETTERS.

Private.

John North, Esq. Upper Berkeley-street,
Portman-square.

SIR,

A manuscript, was left, with me, some time past, for publication, relative to Miss Stabbaek, whom you delivered of a child, in apartments, opposite your then residence, in Seymour-place. A re-perusal of the narrative, in consequence of the recent occurrences, between Burroughs, and the Messieurs Anderdon, has left so appalling an impression, on my mind, that I have thought it decorous, to apprise you of the circumstance, before I place it in the hands of Mr. Thomas Little, who, finally, arranges such matters, for my press.

As your multifarious professional advocat-

tions, may not, immediately, present the particulars, to your recollection, I will further state, that your services were engaged and remunerated, by Mr. Jeyes, the solicitor of Chancery-lane.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

JOHN JOSEPH STOCKDALE.

8, Carlton Colonnade, Regent-street,
2d June 1830.

FERD. JEYES, Esq. Chancery-lane.

Private.

SIR,

Having, this day, completed the Memoirs of Harriette Wilson, which now extends to eight volumes, before I consign to the same Editor those papers, which detail your flagrant seduction and cruel desertion of Elisabeth Stabback, I think it right to communicate such intention, to you.

Should you notice this, by the post, it will

be necessary to pay the postage, no unpaid letters being received, by

SIR,

Your humble servant,

J. J STOCKDALE,

Carlton colonnade; Regent-street,
4th October, 1831.

JOHN NORTH, Esq. Upper Berkeley-street,
Portman-square.

Private.

SIR,

The completion of Harriette Wilson's Memoirs, which has, this day, been effected, in Eight Volumes, affords me leisure, to enter upon the brief, but soul-harrowing narrative of your conduct to Elisabeth Stabback, whom you professionally attended, and placed in Kelly-house.

So long a time has elapsed since, I formerly, addressed you, that you may have for-

gotten the circumstance. Should you notice this by post, I have to observe, that none, but paid letters are received, by

SIR,

Your humble Servant,

J. J. STOCKDALE.

Carlton Colonnade ; Regent-street,
4th October, 1831,

TREATMENT
OF
MISS. STABBACK.

Wretched, indeed, is the fate, and inconceivable, the misery, to which thousands of the female sex, who might, otherwise, have ornamented and benefited society, in all its gradations, from the court, to the cottage, have been consigned, by the inordinate lust of lordly man, for whose help, she was created, and, to whose protection, she has religion's and nature's own claims! How, alas! are these duties, fulfilled, in our Bible-day? Some pass their whole lives in a mad-house, (poor Susanna Vennor!) some, with their mothers, are subjected to various tortures (hapless Marion Warden) others are, under false charges, separated from

their children, who go to a work-house and, themselves, to Tothill-fields-Bridewell, (What will the newly married James Moncrieff Arnott Esquire. Surgeon, of New Burlington-Street, and recently, appointed to Middlesex-hospital think of this intimation?) Others, robbed, kidnapped, plundered and persecuted (George Henry Ames Esquire, in spite of his wealth may be assured that retribution, to Mrs. Penfold, is not far off) — Others — however the Index to Harriette Wilson will tell enough of the court and the city, and Stockdale's Budget, and Holly-grove, each add one tale, more, and the biographer must proceed, with the purpose, he has, in hand.

Elisabeth Stabback was apprenticed, to Mrs. Rae, Milliner, and dress-maker, No. 10 New-street Covent-garden. It was her misfortune, as it has been that of many more, of her class, to have frequent occasions, to go out, on her mistress's business. During one of these walks, her person attracted the notice of Mr. Ferdinand Jeyes, an attorney, residing in Chancery-lane, who is reputed opulent and respectable, in his profession, and to have a wife, and numerous family.

This gentleman, it seems, so admired what he saw, that he determined to see and know, all which was to be seen and known, and,

“journeying with this intent,”

he, continually, way-laid her, until he had forced himself, upon her notice, and prevailed on her, to accept his arm. He announced himself, as Mr. Jones, respectfully, intreated permission to pay her, his honorable addresses, and, in due season, promised her marriage.

Whether Mr. Jeyes, adopted the name of Jones, from any acquaintance, with the pursuits of that personage, who has been so worthily, introduced, into vol. 6. of Harriette Wilson, is unknown; but it does not seem improbable. However that may be, Mr. Jeyes availed himself of the opportunity, afforded by one of their lovers' walks, to call upon a friend, who, of course, was not one of the starched, and tight-laced kind. In short she kept a house which was open, to all parties, and there, Mr. Jeyes effected his

purpose, and the ruin of his too confiding fair one.

The ice being now broken, the young lady soon felt the necessity of moulding her conduct, to her change of personal circumstances ; and she took possession of apartments, which her paramour had engaged for her, it is probable, not without design, conveniently, opposite to the, then, unostentatious shop of Mr. John North, Surgeon, accoucheur, and apothecary, in Seymour-place, near the Edgeware road.

Although Miss Stabback quickly ascertained that her air-built anticipations of matrimonial respectability, had vanished, and

Like the baseless fabric of a vision
Left, but a wreck; behind—

she had not, yet, to complain of the parsimony of her seducer, who visited her, with all the devotion and love, which he entertained, for his avowed mistress. One consequence of this was, that she found herself in the way, in which *married* ladies, who love their lords, wish to be.

Mr. North, now, began to cut a figure and his services were availed of, to introduce, into this best of all possible worlds, a fine infant, *qui faisoit le bonheur, de Mademoiselle, sa mère.*

The happiness of a mother, not, only, not recognised, but, unequivocally excluded, by law, unless in the omnipotent exceptions of parliament, to favor these costly infirmities, which even our own gracious William IV. (and who can blame him?) transfers to his loving and beloved subjects, did not, in this case, impart itself, to papa. Why should it? He had enough of that kind of felicity, at his legitimate home. He came to Seymour-place, for a little quiet, sly recreation, and if his stealth and enjoyment, were to be clogged, with excrescences of that kind, it required another mode of action, too.

Mr. Jeyes was not an inexperienced house-keeper, neither was he ignorant of the laws of geniture, *primo* and *secundo*. Nay, he knew that even *filius*, or *filia nullius*, were, neither, without their inconveniences, nor expences, and he wanted no brood-mare, other

than what he had : therefore, he, seriously, contemplated breaking-of this naughty connection—

The Devil was sick—the devil, a monk would be.

The subject, was of course, communicated, to his counsellor, North, who was too learned, in his own interest, to be a party, to any act, which would mitigate against it. The man was right—it would have been suicidal ! North, looking, to his own advantage, whatever might befall Jeyes, or Mademoiselle, advised that the infant should be put out, to be nursed.

This was a good-un, howsomdever ! Put the child out, to nurse, that its Mamma, should not be so liable, to breed !! John North's the man as knows vot's vot!

Mr. Jeyes relaxed his attentions, and increased his demonstrations of slight, towards the unfortunate mother of his child. The combined effect of these, and the natural reflections, on what she was, and what, under different circumstances. she might have been, gave rise to a state of nervous excitement, which opened a fine field, to Mr. North, who

was ready to derive all the advantages, as they presented themselves, to his keen eye, from Mr. Jeyes.

I do remember an apothecary——
And hereabouts he dwells—whom late I noted!
to myself I said,
And if a man did need a poison, new,

Here lives a caitiff-wretch, would sell it him!

However Mr. North might have pleaded, with
Romeo's apothecary,

My poverty, but not my will, consents

When he dwelt, in Seymour-place, it will not be urged, even, by himself, in Upper Berkeley-street, where he affects the splendour of a grandee, of whose crumbs the plundered and persecuted Elisabeth Stabback has some right, to partake.

Mr. North is not a novice, in his profession. He has had, and still enjoys a very extensive practice, which would have given to a man of far inferior talents, great advantages: and I have, always heard him spoken of, with respect, for his professional acquire-

ments. His attendance lies, in a great measure, among ladies, of no puritanical caste : but practise is independent of rank and respectability, and the profit is, decidedly, greater among those, who take no care for to-morrow, and whose motto is to live, while they live—of which Mr. North knows the sweets.

Mr. North's obstetric lore will not be impeached, here. The state of the patient afforded Mr. North an opportunity, of which he knew how, to avail himself. Mr. Jeyes was his pay-master, and could not be excluded his cabinet-council, though the decision were in the province of North, who was, as well qualified to bother Jeyes, from Galen and Hippocrates, the College and the Pharmacopœia, as Jeyes was, in forensic research, to perplex North, with Coke, upon Littleton, and the more endless researches of old Serjeant Hill.

The laboratory now came into requisition, spouting forth its mysterious potions, for good or for ill, as the necessity, a convenient word, for interest, might be. Whether their intention were to promote or prevent conception,

to strengthen, or to destroy the embryo, may not, presently, be known; but they were not, wholly, inefficacious, on the system of the lady, who, at last, rallying the pristine energies of her sex, when compelled to act for itself, exclaimed,

Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it.

This refusal ill-assorted, with the principle and interest of the drug-compounder, who menaced her with the consequences of her obstinacy:—

“If you will not persevere with the medicine, you must die. Can you expect plums and sweet meats, from a doctor’s shop?”

The poor girl conceded either to North’s arguments, or her own indifference; at all events, she, no longer, refused the medicine, which seemed to increase her alarming sensations. Her child had been taken away, and, either, from her suspicions of its father, and his medical tool, or from the anxiety, natural, to a mother, thus painfully, situated, she fancied that it might be murdered. This operating with Jeyes’s neglect, and North’s potions, and the absence of the infant’s draft,

on its maternal nurture, induced a milk-fever, accompanied by delirium, during which, her agonising demands for her child, were sufficient, to have moved the hardest hearts.

Mr. North strove to sooth his patient, by representing that her milk was unwholesome, and that her child was, dangerously, ill, and required good milk.

This did not satisfy a mother's longings. Her lamentations were uncontroulled, and her cries redoubling, Mr. North promised that, if she would compose herself, he would take her to see her child, which was, comfortably, placed, at a short distance, in the country.

Notwithstanding the unhappy mother's eagerness to clasp her child, again, to her breast, when North brought a carriage, to her door, at midnight, she remonstrated, against the unseemly aspect of that witching hour: but her betrayer was not a man, to be swayed, from his resolve, however fell, by a weak, and fallen and helpless, and consequently, friendless woman. He informed her that the child was, dangerously ill—that, were the

journey deferred, till morning, she might never see her child, unless as a corpse—and that the only chance, which remained, to save its life, was to try the effect, of its mother's milk. Miss Stabback was, too, essentially, a mother, to hesitate, thus exhorted. She took her seat, in the coach, and it, soon, stopped, at Kelly-house, Chelsea, a celebrated *private* Mad-house.

On her arrival, at this receptacle, of iniquitous profligacy, she was surprised, by the massive doors, substantial locks, ponderous bolts, and clanking chains, and ill-looking attendants; but she was accompanied by the doctor, whom her was-to-have-been-husband had, affectionately, appointed to attend her, and she could not, reasonably, have any thing, to fear!

The anxious mother lost no time, in enquiring for her child, an enquiry, which was rudely, met, by the injunction, to let them have none of her childish ways and the infant would be brought to her. This brutality, so little calculated, to allay any fears, which might, previously, have suggested themselves, to one, in her state of anxious doubt, re-

newed her alarm, and she, hastily, expressed her wish to withdraw ; when she was, not very ceremoniously, told, to make herself easy, for she must remain there. Insisting, now, in a somewhat more peremptory manner against her detention, she was conveyed, into another apartment, occupied by five or six female companions, in misfortune, most deplorably accommodated, neither on beds of roses, down nor feathers ; but straw. They were corded and chained, in their positions, and appeared, whether lunatics, or not, to be treated as persons, labouring under the affliction of insanity. Some of them accosted her in the language of pity, apparently emanating, from breasts, which had learnt mercy, from the persecution they had, themselves, experienced, bemoaning her fate, from the very bottom of their hearts ; while others importuned the almighty, with earnest prayers, for the deliverance of their new sister, in misfortune, or rather misery.

Miss Stabback, here, became fully sensible of the fate, to which she was consigned, and shed abundance of such tears of bitterness, as had never, till that moment, been

wrung from her youthful eyes. Her former, comparatively, happy life, passed before her, in anxious and rapid review, from the kindness, which she experienced, in the careless days of childhood, to those, when she was acquiring the means of self-provision, by her own industry : the more delightful sensation, which imparted a glow, to her young bosom, when she obtained the avowal of a professed admirer, whose unequivocal preference of her, to all others of her sex, gave rise to the most delicious of human anticipations, and concentrated all worldly bliss, which, alas ! how often ! throws the joys of heaven itself, into shade, in the exquisite beau idéal of the lover, husband, father, friend, all in one, and that one, so mingling with herself, that they, twain, form but one soul, in one body, and revel, in an eternity of uninterrupted happiness ! Is she not under the influence of a horrid dream ? Has she, indeed, awoke, to the conscious, reality of a mad-house ? And can she, still, be permitted, to retain her senses, amid these horrors of, no unreal mockery ?

Miss Stabback,'s next movement, involunt-

ary enough, on her part, God knows, was, to an apartment or rather hole, where those tresses, which their divine author declares to be the glory of woman, and which had acquired incalculable value, in her own estimation, from the grateful admiration, they had excited, were all remorselessly, shorn from her head, which underwent the additional operation of shaving. A strait-jacket then confined her limbs, and she was extended, upon an iron bedstead, to which, having been, strictly, fastened down, by straps, without the luxury of a bed, of whatever description, she was, finally, left, to the luxurious indulgence of her own society, in palpable darkness and solitude, worse than death itself. She had room, for reflection, which, if it did not, actually, terminate, was not owing to any beneficence of intention, in her two persecutors, Jeyes and North, and their hired instruments of torture,

Mr. North carried on this tragedy, in the most farcical manner. The following day he presented himself with the coolest effrontery, and, gravely, ordered her, to be bled and cupped after which, with the ingenuity of a man,

who was no tyro, in the art of scientific torment, directed the application of a blister, to the part, which had been cupped.

Miss Stabback was, wonderfully, it might be said, providentially, supported, under these tortures of mind and body. Alive to the deprivation of her child, for whose restoration, she, incessantly wearied her brutal tormentors, and implored heaven, alive to the contrivances, which heaped the most loathsome indignities, on worse than inquisitorial tortures, she, amid them all, still, never lost her senses.

Her food consisted of gruel, which was *water-gruel*, in reality, as well as, in name, and might have been, more aptly, designated, *water-cruel*. Whatever were the scarcity, even of this meagre kind of food, Mr. North took good care, that it should, not, by remaining too long, over-load his victim's stomach. Of purgatives, quantum stuff: administered, *secundum artem*, operated, according to the most sanguine contemplation of the man of medicine: and his patient's pitiable condition may be, more properly, conceived, than described, when it is known

that, although she was subjected, to the utmost activity of North's smart cathartics, the effects of which were, in no wise, diminished, by the weakness of the fragile and attenuated frame of a delicate girl, she still remained, bound to her procrustean bedstead, the iron of which "entered into her soul !

After having been, duly reduced, to debility, and perhaps, imbecility, and stupidity, by the drugs and potions, with which she had been deluged, in extremis, to the last gasp, she was released, from her assafoetidian couch, and washed in cold water, from head to foot, by two men, who must have been of the same horrible and fiendish species, as their masters : —

" All monstrous, all unutterable things."

Being, now, properly, qualified, to associate, with the unhappy inmates, of Kelly-house, her solitary confinement was changed, for the company of the miserable beings, among whom, she was, for a short time, on the first night of her introduction to that den of wretchedness and woe, and she, " added

another, to the miserable heap," whose sufficiently small breathing-space, she further diminished, by her presence.

The exhibition of purgatives, was continued daily, in her new chamber, where she was bled and, cupped, twice a week, and frequently, underwent the pleasant operation of head-shaving. She, sometimes took stupefying, and sometimes exciting medicines, and the grossly indecent liberties, which Mr. North indulged himself, in taking, with his patient's person, were repeated, when, he thought, she might be likely to give way to, if not meet his inclination.

In the Epistolary testimonials of Mr. D'Egville's conduct, to young ladies, a caution was given, on the practice of medical men, of which Mr. North was one, albeit a surgeon, an accoucheur, and a husband, who spared neither threats, nor persuasions to induce her submission, to his lascivious desires, telling her that, she would, in return, for such indulgence, obtain her release, from her lamentable state of imprisonment and misery: but even this inducement, and a greater temptation could, hardly, be offered, to one so situated, embracing

freedom, and the opportunity, again to press, to her maternal bosom, her child, her parents, and her relatives, if not her husband !

Whether these proposals were nets spread, conjointly between North and her seducer, with the view of being, more comfortably, rid of her, are, probably, known, only, to those worthy conspirators, in this infamous villainy ; but

“ We cannot but remember such things are

“ And are——

execrated, by every human being, whose heart is, in its right place.

Mr. North lost no opportunity of influencing and retaining his influence, over his patient, to whom he wished to appear, in the light of a bosom-friend. In this character he undertook to forward letters, to her relations, whose neglect, to return answers, and to visit her, exciting surprise and uneasiness, in Miss Stabback, North accounted for it, by the alleged removal of her brother, from his residence in Lisson-grove, and North's inability to ascertain, whither he had gone. This induced the hapless girl to give the address of

her parents, in the country, and North promised to write, to them : a procrastination, which gained time, but no answer, and, when all his other excuses had been resorted to, he, with apparent reluctance, told her that they utterly disclaimed and would have nothing more to do with her. This was, as might be anticipated, false to the very letter : her brother had not changed his abode, nor had North written, to her parents, who had, long, been agonised, at the mysterious disappearance of their, lost, their, doubly, lost daughter.

Two years of torture, mental and corporeal thus passed, and Miss Stabback, still continued, in the fangs of North, who had been bribed, by his employer, Jeyes, to confine his dupe, and victim, in a mad-house ; whether he had or had not stipulated, for the additional inflictions, which she was compelled, to endure : not the least of which, were reiterated assaults of the coarsest and most violent nature. These she, however, always, resisted, with success, even to the moment of her liberation, from that not surpassed, though, too probably, rivalled den of the vilesting, cruel-

ty, obscenity, loathsome filth and despair !

Mr. Jeyes was not, every thing considered, wanting in liberality, had it been applied, in a proper manner, and, for the benefit of the interesting creature, whom he had reduced, to the lowest scale of wretchedness. He paid Mr. North two hundred pounds, per annum, for her support, independently of the sum, which bribed North, to incarcerate the helpless girl, in a Mad-house. It, thus, became the man-mid-wife's interest, as it seemed, to his short sight, to protract the term of his victim's confinement, so long as the attorney should be punctual, in his payment.

Mr. Jeyes, however, to whom, it had, possibly, been represented, that a young female could not, long, sustain such horrors, as had been in store, for her, became weary of the pecuniary calls, which were, so many, periodical mementoes, of events, not the most pleasant, to any one, and more especially unacceptable, to a married attorney, he worked himself up to the sticking-point, and told his friend North, that the allowance had been protracted, far beyond what he had, ever

anticipated, and that it must, thenceforth, wholly, cease.

As this resolution gave the case, an entirely different aspect, no time was to be lost, on North's part, in getting rid of a customer, who, being no longer profitable, became the reverse of desirable, in a pecuniary view. Thus impelled, North had little difficulty in ascertaining the brother's residence, and of which accidental discovery he gave the following account :

Passing the house, in my chaise (thanks to Miss Stabback, and other frail patients, he has now exchanged it, for a chariot, and its appendages) I noticed, *by pure accident*, the name of Stabback, over the door. It occurred to me, that the occupier might be some relation, to a Miss Stabback : and I asked, pray have you a sister, of the name of Elisabeth ?

Her brother, who was almost frantic at the mere question answered—sir, I had a sister of that name ; but neither I, nor any of our family have seen or heard of her these two years. Do you know any thing of her, Sir ?

North, assuming the part of a disinterested philanthropist, told Mr. Stabback that he attended on her lying-in—that she had a most

dangerous illness, and milk-fever, which brought on insanity, and rendered it necessary to place her, in a private asylum—that she had, always been treated, as a lady, and had enjoyed the greatest indulgence—but that she, invariably, refused to give the address of her relations, although he had used every means, to induce the disclosure and promised to restore her, to them

The infernal hypocrite, now, went on to qualify his intelligence, so as to prevent the chance of inconvenient communication, and, at the same time, pave the way, for a renewal of some, at least, of that advantage, of which, he had been deprived, by Jeyes's determination. North said that Miss Stabback was at that moment, too ill, to be visited, and he feared she was beyond all possibility of restoration : but he would support her, in the same respectable and comfortable asylum, for one hundred pounds a year !

Mr. Stabback, who was all gratitude surprise and joy, related to a gentleman, and friend of the writer of this, the particulars of the kind visit of the good samaritan, Mr. North. The gentleman, however, less enthu-

siastic, than the brother, in his sentiments of the mercenary accoucheur, hinted his doubts of the accuracy, and suspicions of the disinterestedness of Mr. North.

In the first place, he called, to Mr. Stabback's mind, the myriads of times, Mr. North must have passed that same house, in two years—that he even attended, professionally, and not very seldom, Mr. Stabback's next-door-neighbour—that Mr. Stabback's name stood very conspicuously, over the door.—and that, besides being, not an every-day-name, it was one, which must have attracted Mr. North's notice, from the extreme interest, which, in his circumstances, must attach to it.

This gentleman, accompanied the brothers, in repeated interviews, with Mr. North, who continued to urge the unfitness of their sister's state, to receive their visits—in fact, she was raving mad: but he did not omit to urge his cuckoo-suit, that she should be suffered to remain at, Kelly-house, for the moderate, annual stipend of one hundred pounds.

On the following morning, Messieurs Stabback, accompanied by the same gentleman, Mr. G—, proceeded, in a coach, to Kelly-

house, at which, they had, however, been anticipated by the accoucheur, who found the plot thicken, too much, to justify, him in lying on his oars. They were received, in the^s entrance-hall, by two fellows, whose repulsive aspects might qualify them to rival Cerberus. On being ushered into the parlour, they found the matron of the establishment, in close communication with Mr. North, who, at first, evinced considerable agitation, and even alarm : but, having rallied his presence of mind, which never could be much more necessary, he remonstrated, against the propriety of the sister being visited, in her then violent state of excitement, and begged that the gentlemen would, at least consent to defer their purpose, were it only, for two or three days. This was peremptorily refused, and Mr. G— declared, on the part of her brothers, that he would not quit the house, without Miss Stabback.

After a delay of about two hours, Miss Stabback was led into the parlour. She had been washed, and was attired, in one of her own dresses, which Mr. North had brought, that very morning, from his house : for Mr.

North, who always, looks to the main chance, transferred, to his own holy keeping, all his patient's clothes, and trinkets, of which but a small portion were restored to Miss Stabback, after her release from Kelly-house. Though no specific charge was made for warehouse-room, it was not likely to be passed over.

To account for the time, which elapsed, ere the patient was introduced, it must be observed that she had been cupped, the previous night, and was to have been bled and physicked, in anticipation of the visit, no doubt, with the intention of making her personal appearance, as sickly, as possible, in case her presence, should be insisted upon; but, her friends having followed, on the very heels of the surgeon, he thought, like Sir John, prudence the better part of valour, and did not carry those intentions, into effect.

Mad and bad as the poor girl had been represented, she instantly recognised her brothers, and flew into their arms.

The scene was such as must have subdued any heart, less obdurate than that of North; but he seemed as petrified, as though he had to enact the personification of the North-pole itself. The lady-matron, had been too long

habituated, to the cheerless winter of Kelly-house, to break through her acquired indifference : but she must once, have had the attributes of feminine humanity, notwithstanding.

In spite of what was then passing, before North's own eyes, and in the face of so many witnesses, it will, scarcely, be believed, that, he had the matchless effrontery, and daring coolness, to ask Miss Stabback, whether she would not prefer stopping, until she had quite recovered ?

Not to dwell on these disgusting specimens of professional iniquity and insolence, Miss Stabback, hastened, with her brothers, and Mr. G—, to quit that mansion, which was indeed, a hell upon earth.

A medical gentleman was called in, and pronounced his unequivocal opinion that Miss Stabback had never been a fit subject neither, for an asylum, or for restraint, and, certainly, had not been insane.

Mr. G—, whose humanity would not allow such an infamous case, to pass, wholly, unpunished, was met one, morning, in Bryanstone-square, by North, who ran up to him, caught his hand, and burst into tears. Sobbing, like a child, he implored that the busi-

ness might proceed no further, as it would ruin him for ever. Several interviews took place between the parties and Mr. G—, insisted on annuity of one hundred and fifty pounds for Miss Stabback. North, afterwards, judging of Mr. G—, by himself, made the proffer of a bribe, which Mr. G— spurned, with the contempt, such an insult deserved, and was sure to receive, from him. North, subsequently obtained clandestine interviews, with Miss Stabback, and one of her brothers, promised to see the child provided for, during its life, and something handsome, settled, on its mother; and, by such overtures, and false pretences, prevailed, on Miss Stabback, to sign what she supposed, a receipt, for sixty pounds, which Mr. Jeyes had sent, for her, through North; but which proved to be an acquittance of all her claims.

Thus, this glorious atchievment which began in iniquity, ended in fraud, or rather was intended so to end; for the principal actors, in the drama little thought that its ghost would assume such a shape, as this

to push them from their stools

THE END.

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